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in the face of many a venial and obsequious office-seeker of the present day :

"I am

A gentleman free born ; I never wore  
The rags of any great man's looks, nor fed  
Upon their after-meals ; I never crouched  
Unto the ofal of an office promised ;  
I read no difference betwixt this huge—  
This monstrous big word lord, and gentleman,  
More than the title sounds ; for aught I learn  
The latter is as noble as the first—  
I'm sure more ancient."

When will there come any poet who will complete the "Christabel" of Coleridge, in the same spirit in which it was begun ? A poet of equal genius may arise and may add to it a conclusion of superior beauty, but it will be like half a peach rounded with an apricot, or a broken rose mended with lily-leaves. And if any one should be so successful as to enter into the heart and mystery of that beautiful, half-told tale (which would well have borne to be a "twice-told tale"), and unfold it in the very spirit of its beginner, he would not then get the credit from the world of being anything but a nice and subtle imitator. The world loves originality above all things—

"Still sighs the world for something new,  
For something new ;"

and it pays but the lower meed of praise to the man who follows in the race of another, even though he excels his predecessor. "Unity in variety and variety in unity," make up the universe, says the philosopher ; and here is a subject for endless study alone, in the variety which marks the unity of the human race. But inanimate nature has, also, its tireless and wonderful charm ; no two violets that you pluck from the grass are alike—sisters they are, but each has its individuality.

Speaking of Coleridge, how can we ever forgive or excuse that unhappy blunderer, "that person on business, from Porlack," who, unwitting what he did, and unknowing of how future generations would rise up and express their dissatisfaction against him, dragged the poet away from his exquisite vision of Kubla Khan, and entailed upon us irremediable loss ? How sordid and contemptible would that business transaction, whatever it was, appear, in contrast with that gorgeous dream, doomed to pass, forgotten and untold, to the shadowy realms of nothingness, could the vision be recalled and placed by its side ?

Poe said that there was nothing more weirdly poetical in the whole range of all

literature than that passage in Horne's "Orion" where the hunter is represented by the "shadow of a stag," leaning to drink from morn to night. But has it not its prototype in that introduction of the palace to us, in Kubla Khan ?—in which the palace is not first described, but we are permitted to see

"The shadow of the dome of pleasure,  
Floated midway on the waves."

What a cool, delicious sense of the gliding waters we gain, and what an airy, unsubstantial image of the "miracles of rare device," whose shadow we behold floating upon the waves, before the eyes of our fancy reach the shore.

It is in effects like these, that we have the triumph of poetic art ; and yet it is not art, but the inspiration of genius, and the poet is as much in wonder as his listeners as to where the perfection comes from. Writing, often, is almost as much of a trance, and upon as eager an impulse, as Coleridge, when, in his opium-vision, he walked in the garden of Hanada.

### SLEEP.

By Mrs. R. S. Nichols.

I SAID to Sleep,  
That dreamy-lidded seraph of delight,  
Stealing from caves  
Where muffled darkness laves  
The haunted shores of night—  
Come, thou, and let us keep  
The silences together ;—on thy breast  
This weary heart would rest,  
The world's corroding cares forgetting quite.

Thy balmy breath,  
Shall bathe each sense in slumber—as the dew  
Falling on flowers,  
Through all the curtained hours  
Lends them a fresher hue,  
And holds them back from death—  
So thy harmonious dreams shall rain on me  
In floods of melody,  
Till all the springs of life shall gush anew.

Bear me away  
To that mist-curtained and enchanted land,  
Where all the isles  
Are dimpled deep with smiles  
Of rippling verdure, fanned  
By spicy gales the day,  
Where stars illumine the blue concave skies,  
As love-enkindled eyes  
The face of beauty, by Jehovah planned.

There, in the bowers  
Thick-lined with moss, and twinkling starry blooms,  
O'erarched with leaves,  
The arrowy sunlight cleaves,  
Gilding the emerald glooms,  
Couched on the dew-lipped flowers,

Let me lie, listening to the breezy chimes  
Among the glistening limes,  
While yawning night the heavenly day entombs.

Snatch me from Earth !  
Shut out all sights of horror, Guilt's quick pains,  
The sufferer's cries,  
Oppression's monstrous lies !  
Wherewith it gilds its chains ;  
The home defiled—the hearth,  
Where innocence and love united dwelt,  
And low-voiced prayer knelt,  
Till slid the serpent in those fair domains.

All evil things  
That crawl and trail their slime along the leaves  
And blooms of life—  
The scorns, the hates, the strife  
For power, the mildewed sheaves,  
Unwholesome contact,—stings  
That hide their venom 'neath a mocking smile,  
Distilling death the while,  
Like poisonous vapors on the starry eves.

The day is long—  
How long, O God ! when Ignorance and Sin  
In its fair light  
Plan deeds of darkest night—  
When vice and folly win  
The plaudits of the throng,  
While lowly worth and virtue shrink aside  
From bloated, boastful Pride,  
Who paves the stony way for human wrong !

The day is long !  
When blush its roses in the orient skies,  
The world awakes !  
And as the morning breaks,  
Thousands of tearful eyes,  
That weep misfortune's wrong,  
Lift up their piteous orbs to Heaven above,  
Despairing of His love,  
Who notes the humble sparrow when it dies.

Then, from narrow street  
And dingy alley—from the deepened walls  
Of loathsome dens  
Fouler than green-webbed fens—  
The human earth-worm crawls !  
Dragging his listless feet  
Through the broad thoroughfares of blazing day,  
His palm outstretched alway  
For pity's scanty mate that coldly falls.

For all who earn  
By sweat and pain, their wretched crust of bread  
The day is long !  
Labor unto the strong,  
The well, the clad, the fed,  
Is blessed—the weak and worn  
Shrink from the toil ; their miseries no name  
Allied to grief and shame,  
Could half express the height, and depth, and dread

Deal kindly, sleep !  
With these forsaken ones—dry up their tears.  
Let sweet repose  
Lap them from hungry woes  
Which feed on their young years !  
Through thy dear watches keep  
The grim, devouring phantom from thy breast,  
That all the tides of rest  
May flow in lulling calmness o'er their fears